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with the following statement: "I am not a Communist, and I am not a member of the Communist Party. I am a member of the Communist Party."

Who Departed this Life, the 27th.

of March.

AS there is nothing so prevalent in the World, as Popular Mistakes, and Mis-reports; and the Generality of Man-kind are but too apt, especially in matters of the greatest Moment, and relating to the greatest Men, to be imposed upon; whilst the Truth of things done, if either Foreign or Remote, is always lyable to gross Misrepresentation;

sentation; and Errors and Abuses in matters of most Importance; either by mis-information or uncertainty, are daily industriously handed about, and also as fondly believed and swallowed; there being nothing possibly so much controverted, or variously delivered, as the Actions, the Movements, and the Conducts, and all other Particulars (whether in their Lives or Deaths) as those of Kings and Princes. For the Rectifying therefore of Faults of that kind, we think fit to Publish to the World, the full and true Relation of the Death of K. James, as we have received it from unquestion'd and undeniable Intelligence and Authority.

The particular Engagement and Alliance of King James with the French King, being to the Wise and Judicious no matter of Novelty; we shall be short therefore in that part of our Discourse; reciting no more than what necessarily Introduces to the Narration of King James his Death. After the French Provisions of Shipping and Men, for King James his Designs; and the great Hopes of Assistance, that had been given him by the French King: to deal truly with the Monsieur, he began to falter in his Promises, and (notwithstanding their Intimate Correspondence, &c.) with very slow advances in the Affairs, he made many demurrs and delays; occasion'd however (as we may justly impute it) not altogether from his want of good Will to King James's Cause, but rather from the Embarrassment and Encumbrance of his own Affairs at home, that indeed took up his whole care and Study. King James, to his no small disquiet and sorrow, waited only the French King's leisure; whilst the Equipment of his Shipping (as he plainly discovered) required more Speed, than the French King's faint and sickly Promises could expedite; insomuch, that truly, Dalliances and Complementments at last, were all his Performance.

The poor King, sensibly afflicted with his many Troubles, Disappointments, &c. and the perplexity of his affairs; and finding too late, that his unhappy Alliances had only tended to his own Prejudice and Despair, he began to entertain a very deep and radicated Melancholly. But, alas! poor Prince, he did not live to see how all His Forces, Aids, Expectations, and truly his whole Measures dwindled to nothing. And the result of all is, that though he were a Wise Prince, yet Blessings did neither attend his

his Councils nor Actions: So that it is not Humane Wisdom but Divine Direction, that orders and disposes all to a good End.

In short, this aforesaid Melancholy and Afflictions, all pressing too heavy upon him, a Load too weighty for his Great Spirit to bear, his Greifs, Disquiets, and the Rest of his Resentments no doubt not a little contributing to His End, he fell Sick of an *Ague*, which afterwards turn'd into a Feavour which was too Violent for him. During his Indisposition and Sicknes he was attended by those Persons of Quality and Gentlemen about him, who still adhered to him; but nothing so exemplar and singular as His Darling the Duke of *B* — *his* Affiduity, and Tenderness towards him. As the King had always treated that particular Favourite, with all the Endearments of a Gracious King, a Kind Friend and a tender Father; so there wanted not on His part (How, Cordially we cannot say) all the Carresses, Application and Attendance as from a Creature, a Confident, and a Councillor, due to the Obligations received from a King. &c

The Kings Distemper increasing, and His visible Dissolution drawing nigh, he call'd for his Son, who rising out of his Bed something before day, and presenting himself before him, the King rais'd himself up as if He meant to speak to him; 'tis thought to leave some peculiar Commission and charge with him: but His Spirits were so Faint, and Nature so Weak, and exhausted in him, that he had not the strength to Express himself, but immediately sinking down in his Bed, he dyed in his Arms, being Early in the Morning, the Twenty seventh of *March*.

Is there not a Time and Period, prefixt to *Earthly Things*, and the all Dispensing Power, does either Infatuate or Establish Councils. The King that was very much Impatient in His Health, was very Patient in His Sicknes and Death; His Death being an Object of Universal Pity. But much more regretted of all Persons, more nearly Related to Him, and Embarked with Him.

